DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD, Ancient and Modern.

The Second Part.

Dedicated to *LUCIAN* in *ELYSIUM.*

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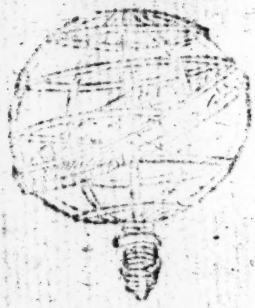
BRITISH MUSEUM



NEW

DIALOGUES

OF SOME

ANCIENT DEAD.

The Second Part.

First DIALOGUE.

Heroſtrates, Demetrius, Phalerian.

Hero-ſtrates. THREE hundred and ſixty Statues Erected in your Honour at *Athens*! 'Tis very much.

Demetrius. I ſeized upon the Go-

vernment; and then you may judge the People would be striving how to Honour me most.

Herost. How pleased were you, that you had thus multiplyed your self three hundred and sixty times, and met with none but your self throughout the whole Town?

Dem. I own it: but alas! this joy was but of short continuance; Affairs altered. The very next day, not one of all my Statues was standing: Some were beaten down, the rest all battered in pieces.

Herost. What a dreadful turn was this; and who performed this Noble Exploit?

Demet. 'Twas *Demetrius-Poliorcetes*, Son to *Antigonus*.

Herost. *Demetrius-Poliorcetes*! Would I had been in his place. What a pleasant thing it was to pull down such a multitude of Statues that were made for one same Man.

Demet. Such a kind of wish becomes none but him that burnt

the

the Temple of *Epheſus*. You are ſtill the ſame.

Heroſt. I have been much upbraided with this burning of the Temple of *Epheſus*; all *Greece* rung of it; but 'tis a ſad thing, in earneſt, Men are but weak in their Judgments.

Demet. I think you had beſt to complain of the injuſtice has been done you in deteſting ſo brave an Action, and of the Law whereby the *Epheſians* forbad that no one ſhould ever pronounce the Name of *Heroſtrates*.

Heroſt. I have no reaſon at leaſt to complain of the Effect of this Law; for the *Epheſians* were good down-right People, they were not ſenſible, that in prohibiting me to be named, was the only way to render my Name immortal. But what ground was there for this Law? I was deſirous beyond reaſon, to make my ſelf ſpoken of, and I ſet their Temple on fire.

Ought not they to think themſelves happy, that my Ambition was not more expenſive to them. They could not have come off at an eaſier rate. Another would have perhaps deſtroyed their whole Town, State and all.

Demet. To hear you, one would ſay, you had a Right to ſpare nothing that might make you be ſpoken of, and that People ought to take (as a favour) all the Evils you have not committed.

Heroſt. It is eaſie to prove the Right I had to burn the Temple of *Epheſus*. Why did they Build it with ſuch Art and Magnificence? Did not the Architect deſign to perpetuate his Name?

Demet. 'Tis like enough.

Heroſt. Well then, 'twas to perpetuate my Name too, that I burnt this Temple.

Demet. A fine Argument! Is it lawful for you to deſtroy, for your Glory's ſake, the Works of another?

Heroſt.

Heroſt. Yes. Vanity which built this Temple by the Hands of another, has been able to deſtroy it by the means of mine. It is impowered with a Right over all the Works of Mankind; Vanity made them all, and Vanity can reduce them again to nothing. The greateſt States of all, have no reaſon to complain that ſhe ſubverts them, when ſhe has her ends therein; they could not make out an Original Independent of Vanity. A King, who, to Honour the Funerals of an Horſe, ſhould cauſe the Town of *Bucephalia* to be razed, would he deal unjuſtly with it? I think not, for there was no thought of building up this Town, but to inſure the Memory of *Bucephalus*; and ſo by conſequence, it is affected to the Honour of Horſes.

Demet. In your Judgment, nothing would be ſafe. I know not whether Men would.

Heroſt. Vanity ſports her ſelf

with their Lives, as with all things elſe. A Father leaves as many Children as he can, to keep up his Name. A Conquerour deſtroys as many Men as he can, to perpetuate his.

Demet. I do not wonder that you make uſe of all manner of Arguments to juſtfie Deſtroyers; but in fine, if pulling down the Monuments of anothers Glory, is a means to ſet up ones own, it is at leaſt the meaneſt of all means.

Heroſt. I know not whether it be meaner than the other; but I very well know that it is requiſite there ſhould be ſuch Perſons as do uſe it.

Demet. Requiſite!

Heroſt. Moſt certainly. The Earth is like a great Table-Book, where every one will Write his Name. When this Book is full, thoſe Names which are already ſet down in it muſt needs be blotted out, for new ones to be writ. What would

would it be, if all the Monuments of the Ancients were in being? The Modern People would have no room to ſet up theirs in. Could you hope that your three hundred and ſixty Statues would be of any long ſtanding? Did you not perceive that there was ſcarce place enough for your Glory?

Demet. 'Twas a pleaſant kind of revenge that *Demetrius-Poliorcetes* did Execute upon my Statues. Since they were once Erected all about *Athens*, had not he as good have let them ſtood?

Heroſt. He had ſo; but before they were Erected, would it not have been as well if they had not been ſet up at all? Our Paſſions do, and undo all. If Reaſon did rule upon Earth, there would be nothing done then. They ſay that your Pilots are moſt afraid of thoſe Calm Seas where they can't make Sail, and that they deſire a Wind, though with the hazard of a Tem-

peſt. Paſſions are neceſſary Winds in Men, to give all things a motion, though they raiſe many a Storm.

Second Dialogue.

Callirhea, Paulina.

Pauli-na. FOR my part, I maintain that a Woman is in danger ſo ſoon as ſhe is beloved with eagerneſs. What does not a Paſſionate Lover bethink himſelf of to compaſs his Deſigns? I ſtood it out a long time with *Mundus*, a handſome young *Roman*; but in fine, he got the Victory by a ſtratagem. I was very devout to *Anubis* the God. One day a ſhe Prieſt of this God came and told me from him, that he was in love with

with me, and that he desired I would give him the meeting in his Temple. Mistress to *Anubis*! Judge you what an Honour. I failed not to be at the Rendez-vous, I was received with great manifestations of kindness; but to tell you the truth, this *Anubis* was *Mundus*. See whether I could withstand him. They say indeed, that some Women have yielded to Gods that were disguised like Men, and sometimes like Beasts; much more ought one to yield to Men disguised like Gods.

Call. Truly, Men are full of Guiles. I speak by experience, and the same chance almost has happened to me as to you. I was a *Trojan* Lass, and just upon the point of Marriage I went, according to the usual manner of the Country, attended by a vast number of Persons, and finely dressed, to offer up my Virginity to the River *Seamander*. Having made my Com-

pliment, out comes *Scamander* from amongſt the Ruſhes, and takes me at my word. I thought my ſelf very much honoured, and ſo did every one elſe perhaps, I will not except my Betrothed. All kept a reſpectful ſilence; my Companions did ſecretly envy my happineſs, and *Scamander* retired into his Ruſhes when he would himſelf. But how ſurprized was I, one day, when I met this *Scamander* walking up and down in a little Country Town, and that I underſtood he was an *Athenian* Captain, that had his Fleet of Ships upon that Coaſt.

Paul. What? You took him then for the right *Scamander*?

Call. No doubt of it.

Paul. And was it your Country Faſhion, that the River ſhould accept the Offerings which young Maids that were to be Married came to offer unto it?

Call. No; and if perhaps it ſhould have

have accepted them, they would not have been made. It was satisfied with the respects they shew'd it, without abusing them.

Paul. You ought then to be very Jealous of the *Scamander.*

Call. Why so? might not a young Maiden think that all the other had not had Beauty enough to please the God, or that they had made him but false Offerings, whereunto he had not vouchsafed to Answer? Women are apt to flatter themselves. But you, that will not allow that I was the *Scamander's* Cully, you were God *Anubis's* Cully though.

Paul. Not altogether so. I did a little mistrust that *Anubis* was something of a Mortal.

Call. And you gave him the meeting, there's no excuse for that.

Paul. What would you have? I heard all the Wiser sort say, that if we did not help to deceive our own

own ſelves, our Pleaſures would be but few.

Call. That's a good one; help to deceive ones ſelf! in all likelyhood they took it not in that ſenſe. Their meaning was, that the moſt delightful things of the World, if throughly look'd into, had ſo little in them, that they would make but ſmall impreſſion, if People did make the leaſt ſerious reflection on them. Pleaſures are not deſigned for a ſtrict Examination, and we are every day reduced to befriend them in many things, wherein it would be improper for us to make any difficulties. This is what your Wiſe-Ones——

Paul. 'Tis what I would ſay too; if I had ſtood upon Tearms with *Anubis*, I ſhould even have found that he was no God; But I owned his Divinity, being unwilling to examine it with over much curioſity. And where is the Lover, that would be entertain'd, if he were

obliged

obliged to undergo an Examination of our Reason?

Call. Mine was not so strict. Such a Lover might be found, as my Reason would consent I might love; and 'tis in fine, more easie to believe one is beloved of a sincere and faithful Man, than of a God.

Paul. In earnest, 'tis one and the same thing. I should have been as soon perswaded that *Mundus* was true and constant, as that he was a God.

Call. Ah! there's nothing so injurious as what you say. If we believe that Gods have loved, we can't, at least, believe that such a thing has been frequent; but we have often seen faithful Lovers that did not divide their heart, but did Sacrifice all to their Mistresses.

Paul. If you take for true marks of Fidelity, the diligences, the eagerness of Sacrifices, an entire preference, I grant there will be faithful Lovers enough found out; but

I don't reckon ſo. I ſtrike out of the number of thoſe Lovers, all thoſe whoſe paſſion has not been of that continuance as to have had time to ceaſe of it ſelf, or ſo happy as to have had ſome cauſe for it. I have no more to reckon, but ſuch as have held out againſt time, and againſt favours, and they are neer as many in number as the Gods are that have loved Mortals.

Call. Still according to this ſame Idea, there muſt be ſome Fidelity in being. For let a Man go tell a Woman, that he is a God, taken with her Merits, ſhe'l not believe it; let a Man ſwear he'l be true to her, ſhe will believe him. Why this difference? 'Tis becauſe there are Examples of the one, and there are none of the other.

Paul. For Examples, I hold the matter equal; but the Reaſon why we fall not into the Errour of taking a Man for a God, is that this ſame Errour is not upheld by the heart.

heart. We don't believe that a Lover is a Divinity, becauſe we don't deſire he ſhould be ſo; but we wiſh he may be faithful, and we believe he is.

Call. You jeer now. What Woman would take their Lovers for Gods, if they did wiſh them ſuch?

Paul. I ſcarce doubt it: If this miſtake were neceſſary for Love, Nature would have diſpoſed our heart to inſpire it into us. The heart is the original of all the Errours we need; it denies us nothing in this Point.

Third

Third Dialogue.

Candaulus, Gigees.

Candaulus. THE more I think on't, the more I find it was not neceſſary you ſhould put me to death.

Gigees. What could I do? The next day after you had let me ſee the hidden Beauties of the Queen, ſhe ſent for me, ſhe told me ſhe had diſcovered that you brought me over-night into her Chamber, and made me a very fair Diſcourſe upon the offence which her Modeſty had received, the concluſion of it was, that I muſt reſolve to dye, or kill you, and then Marry her; for, as ſhe pretended, it concerned her Honour, that I ſhould either enjoy what I had ſeen, or that I could never boaſt of having ſeen

ſeen it. I underſtood very well the meaning of all this. The injury was not ſo great, but the Queen might have diſſembled it, and her Honour might have let you live, if ſhe had been willing; but to be free with you, ſhe was out of conceit with you, and ſhe was overcome with Joy, that ſhe had a pretence of Glory to rid her ſelf of her Husband. You ſee well enough, that in the alternative ſhe propoſed unto me, I had but one choice to make.

Cand. I am much afraid, you were more taken with her, than ſhe was diſguſted with me. Ah! how was I to blame that I did not foreſee the Effects of her Beauty upon you, and that I took you for an Honeſter Man than you proved!

Gig. Blame your ſelf rather for the great delight you took in being Husband to ſo handſome a Woman. Why could you not keep the ſecret to your ſelf? *Cand.*

Cand. I ſhould blame my ſelf for the thing in the World moſt natural. There's no hiding a Man's joy in an extream Happineſs.

Gig. That would be pardonable, if it were a Lovers Happineſs, but yours was an Husbands Happineſs; one may be indiſcreet for a Miſtreſs; but for a Wife! and what would the World think of Marriage, if it did judge of it by what you did? Nothing would be imagined more delicious.

Cand. But ſeriouſly, do you think we may be ſatisfied with an Happineſs, which we enjoy without Witneſſes? The braveſt Men deſire to have Spectators of their Bravery; and your happy Men deſire likewiſe to be eſteemed ſuch, to perfect their Happineſs. Nay, how do I know but they would reſolve to be leſs happy, ſo they might appear to the World to be more happy? 'Tis however moſt certain, that a Man does not make

a ſhew of his Felicity, without inſulting, as it were over others, that compleats his Joy.

Gig. According to what you ſay, a Man might eaſily revenge himſelf of that inſult. he need but ſhut his Eyes, and refuſe thoſe looks to People, or if you will, thoſe prickles of Jealouſie which make a part of their Happineſs.

Cand. Herein I agree with you. The other day I heard one of the Dead that had been King of *Perſia* make a Relation, How he was led Captive, and loaden with Chains into the Capital City of a great Empire. The Victorious Emperour was Seated on a moſt Stately Throne, and environed of all his Courtiers; the People were gathered together in a ſpacious Square, which was fitted up with conveniences for the purpoſe. Never was Spectacle attended with greater Pomp. When this King appeared in the Reer of a multi-

tude

tude of Priſoners and Spoils, he made a ſtop full againſt *the Emperour, and cryed out with* a merry Countenance, *Folly, Folly, and all is Folly.* He ſaid that theſe words alone ſpoiled the Emperours whole Triumph; and I am ſo ſenſible of it, that I believe I ſhould not have been willing to triumph at that rate over the moſt Cruel and moſt Dreadful of my Enemies.

Gig. You would not have loved the Queen any more then, if I had not thought her *handſome*; and if, when I ſaw her, I had cryed out, *Folly, Folly*?

Cand. I muſt needs ſay that my Husband-like Vanity would have been injured. Judge you upon that ſcore how ſenſible the love of an handſome Woman muſt flatter a Man, and how difficult a Virtue diſcretion muſt be.

Gig. Here me, as Dead as I am, I will not ſay this to another Dead, but in his Ear; the Vanity

of

of gaining Love from a Miſtreſs is not ſo great. Nature has ſo well eſtabliſhed the Traffick of Love, that there is but little left for Merit to do. She has deſigned to each heart another heart; and ſhe has not taken care to match together, at all times, all ſuch Perſons as be worthy of eſteem; herein there is a great mixture, and Experience does make it too well known, that the choice of a lovely Woman is of little or no avail to him on whom it falls. Methinks theſe ſame Reaſons ſhould make Lovers diſcreet.

Cand. I declare to you, the Woman would not allow of this kind of diſcretion, that ſhould be grounded on nothing elſe, but that a Man ſhould not purchaſe much Honour from their Love.

Gig. Is it not ſufficient to make ones full delight? tender love will reap an advantage from that which I ſhall take away from Vanity.

Cand.

Cand. No. Women will never yield to this.

Gig. But call to mind, that so soon as Honour gets in, it spoils all Love concerns. At first, Womens Honour is concern'd, which is quite opposite to the Interests of Lovers; and then the wrack of this same Honour makes way for Lovers to design another, that is very much against the Interests of Women. See what it is to have placed Honour on the wrong side.

Fourth Dialogue.

Helene, Fulvia.

Helene. I Must know of you, *Fulvia*, a thing which *Augustus* told me of late. Is it true, that you had a kindness for him, but

but he making no return, you encouraged your Husband *Mark Anthony* to enter into War with him?

Fulvia. Nothing more true, my Dear *Helene*; for among we Dead Women, this confeſſion is of no conſequence. *Mark Anthony* was mad in Love with *Citherida* the *Comedian*, and I wiſhed I could be revenged of him, by making my ſelf beloved of *Auguſtus*; but *Auguſtus* was hard to pleaſe in Miſtreſſes. He neither thought me young enough, nor handſom enough; and though I let him underſtand, that he was engaging himſelf in a Civil War, meerly becauſe he neglected me, I could not poſſible make him comply in the leaſt. Nay, I will recite you, if you will, ſome Verſes he made about this matter, but they are not much for my Honour: Here they are,

Where-

Wherefore shou'd Fulvia *think that I,*
'Cause Anthony *is false to you*
Can dote on Love's Antipathy,
And prize what cou'd not make him true:

Because your Beauties want the Art
To keep your Husband to your Breast,
Gain not Reprisal on my Heart,
Nor make my Mind your Slavish Guest.

By the same Rule, all the decayed,
Forsaken Wives, and Widows too,
Will hope to ride me like a Jade,
Since I was such an Ass to you.

Love me, you say, or else prepare
With Death to Fight, or Anthony——
She's ugly——— then, why should I fear!
Sound Trumpet, I had rather dye.

Helene. You and I then have been the occasion of two of the greatest Wars, that perhaps, ever were; you, of that betwixt *Anthony* and *Agustus*; and my self, of that of *Troy*.

Fulvia. But with this difference. Your Beauty caused the War of *Troy*, and my Unhandsomness, that between *Augustus* and *Anthony*.

Helene. For amends, you have another advantage over me; it is that your

your War is far more pleasant than mine, My Husband revenges himself of the Affront offered him in anothers loving me, and that is pretty natural; your Husband revenges you of the Affront done you, because you were not loved of another, that is not very ordinary with Husbands.

Fulvia. Ay, but *Anthony* knew not that he made War upon my account, and *Menelaus* knew well enough that it was for you he Warred. In this particular he is unpardonable; for whereas *Menelaus* being followed by the whole Country of *Greece*, did lay Siege to *Troy*, for the space of ten years, that he might recover you from out of the Arms of *Paris*, is not it true, that if *Paris* would have yielded you up, *Menelaus* had been obliged to withstand a ten years Siege in *Sparta*, for not receiving you? In earnest, I see they had all lost their Senses, both *Greeks* and

Trojans. The first were Fools so demanding you again. The other were yet greater Fools for retaining you. How chance so many Persons of Honour did Sacrifice themselves to the Pleasures of a young Man that knew not what he did? I could not forbear laughing, as I read that passage in *Homer*, where after a nine years Siege, and a late Battel, wherein a world of Men were lost, a Council is called before *Priamus*'s Palace. There, *Antenor* is for yielding you up, and methinks there was no doubt in the case; all is, they ought to blame themselves they did not sooner think of this Expedient. Yet *Paris* seems displeased at the Proposition; and *Priamus* who, as *Homer* relates, is equal to the Gods in Wisdom, being troubled to see his Council divided upon so difficult a Point, and not knowing which side to take, gives Order that every one should go to Supper.

Helen.

Helen. There was, at least, this of good in the *Trojan* War, the *ridicule* of it was easily found out; but the Civil War of *Augustus* and *Anthony*, appeared otherways than it was. When so many *Roman* Eagles were seen in the Field, People could little imagine that the thing that did egg them on so cruelly against one another, was *Augustus* his refusal to love you.

Fulvia. Thus go Affairs with Men. Their motions are great, but the ground of them is commonly ridiculous enough. It is of great Consequence, for the Honour of the most weighty Events, that the Causes of them should be kept reserved.

Fifth Dialogue.

Parmenischus, Theocritus.

Theoc. IN earnest, you could no longer laugh after you had got down into *Trophonius*'s Cave.

Parmen. I could not. I was extraordinarily serious.

Theoc. Had I known that *Trophonius*'s Cave had that virtue, I had been obliged to make a little Journey thither. I have laughed but too much in my life time, nay, my life had been of longer continuance, had I laughed less. An unlucky Jeast brought me into this place where we are. King *Antigonus* was blind of one Eye: I had offended him most cruelly; notwithstanding he had promised he would not resent it, so I would come and present my self before him.

They

They did in a manner force me to go, and my Friends, to encourage me, said to me: *Go, fear nothing, your life is secure, so soon as you have appeared to the King's Eyes.* Ah, answered I, *if I can't obtain my Pardon without appearing to his Eyes, I am undone.* Apricanus, who was in a disposition too forgive me a Crime, could not forgive me this merry conceit, and this unseasonable Jeast, cost me my Head.

Parmen. I cannot tell whether I should not have been willing to have had your Talent of fooling, though I lost my Head for it too.

Theoc. And what would I have given now to be of your serious Temper.

Parmen. Ah! you do not think of what you say. I had like to have died of that serious Temper you covet so much. Nothing did delight me: I did all I could to laugh, and could not compass it. I took no farther Pleasure in the *ridicule*

dicule of the World, this *Ridicule* was become sad to me. In fine, being in despair upon my proving so sober, I went to *Delphos*, and I begged earnestly of the God to teach me a means to laugh. He turned me off in ambiguous terms, to the Maternal Power. I thought that by the Maternal Power, he meant my native Country. I go back again into it, but my Country could not overcome my serious mood. I began to muse upon it, as in an incurable Disease, when by chance I made a Journy to *Delos*. There I did contemplate with admiration, the Magnificence of *Apollo*'s Temples, and the Beauty of his Statues. He was all about in Marble, or in Gold, and made by the best Work-men of *Greece*; but when I came to a *Latona* of Wood, that was very ill made, and had the Countenance of an Old Woman, I burst out in laughing, when I compared the Son's Statues with

with that of the Mother. I cannot expreſs how much I was ſurprized, ſatisfied, and taken with my having laughed. Then I did conceive the true meaning of the Oracle. I made not an Offering to all thoſe *Apollo's* of Gold and Marble. The Wooden *Latona* had all my Preſents, and all my Vows. I made it I know not how many Sacrifices. I all beſmoaked it with Incenſe; and if I had been in a condition to bear the charge of it, I would have builded a Temple, *To* Latona *that cauſeth laughing.*

Theoc. Methinks *Apollo* might reſtore you the faculty of laughing, without troubling his Mother. You would have diſcovered but too many Objects that were fit to work the ſame Effect as *Latona* did.

Parmen. When a Man is in an ill humour, he finds that Men are not worth while to be laughed at; they are made to be ridiculous, and they are ſo, that is no wonder; but a God-

dess that takes upon her to be so, that is very wonderful. Moreover *Apollo* in all likelihood had a mind to let me see that my serious humour was a distemper not curable by any humane Remedy, and that I was reduced to a condition wherein I stood in need of the help of the Gods themselves.

Theoc. That Joy and that Mirth which you earnestly desired is a far worse Distemper. A whole Nation was heretofore seized with it, and did suffer extreamly by it.

Parmen. What? There has been a whole Nation that was too much disposed to mirth and joy.

Theoc. Ay, the *Tarentini* were the People.

Parmen. Happy People!

Theoc. Not at all. As they could not settle themselves to be serious in any thing, all fell into confusion amongst them. If they met together in the publick Walks, all their Discourses run upon Follies, instead

of

of publick Concerns; if they received Ambassadours, they turned them into *ridicule*; if they held the Town Council, the Advices of the Gravest Senators, were meer Buffoonry; in short, a reasonable Word or Action, I would have been a Prodigy with the *Cirinthians*. They found themselves troubled with this Spirit of merryment, at least as much as you had been troubled with your sadness, and they went and consulted the Oracle of *Delphos*, as well as you, but for a very different end, that is, they went to ask him by what means they might recover a little seriousness again. The Oracle made answer, that if they could Sacrifice a Bull to *Neptune* without laughing, they might have it in their power to be more wise. A Sacrifice is of it self no pleasant action; however to the ends they might perform it in a serious manner, they used many preparatives. They resolved to

admit of no Young People, but Old People only, and not of all sorts of Old Men neither, but of such only as were either full of Diseases, or up to the Ears in debt, or very troublesom Women. When all these choice Persons were upon the Sea side, to immolate the Victime, notwithstanding the Women, Debts, Diseases, and Age, they were fain to settle their Countenances, cast their Eyes down upon the ground, and bite their Lips; but by misfortune a little Boy had crept in amongst them. They would have driven him away, according to order, and he cryed out; *What? are you afraid I should eat up your Bull?* This folly put them quite out of those counterfeit gravities. They burst out into laughing, the Sacrifice was interrupted, and the *Tirinthians* remained void of Reason. They were much to blame, after they had miscarried in their Bull, they did not bethink themselves

of

of this Cave of *Trophonius*, that had the Virtue of rendring People so serious; and that wrought so considerable an Effect upon you.

Parmen. It is true indeed, I went down into *Trophonius's* Cave; but *Trophonius* his Cave, which made me so sad, is not what People take it to be.

Theoc. And what is it then?

Parmen. Reflections do the business. I had made some, and they put an end to my laughing. If the Oracle had enioyned the *Tirinthians* to make some, they had been Cured of their merry humour.

Theoc. I must confess I do not very well understand what Reflections are, but I cannot conceive why they would be perplexive. May not one have some solid foresights, that at the same time may not be melancholick? Is there no Mirth but in Errour; and is Reason made for no other end but to destroy us?

Parmen.

Parmen. In all appearance it was not the intention of Nature that we should think, for she sets a vast price upon thoughts. You will make reflections, says she to us, look to it, I will be revenged of them through the sadness they shall cause you.

Theoc. But you do not tell me the reason why Nature will not let us think.

Parmen. She has set Men in the World to live in it, and to live, is not to know what we do the most part of the time. When we make a discovery of the little value of the thing that does take us up, and of that thing which we are concern'd at, we rob Nature of her only Secret; a Man grows wise, then he ceases to be Man; he thinks, then he desists from Action; this it is that Nature dislikes.

Theoc. But Reason that makes you think better than others, does however charge you to act as they do.

Parmen. You say true. There is

a Reason that sets us above all things by thoughts; there is another that brings us back again to all things by Actions. But upon that very same account too, were it not as well a Man had not thought?

Sixth Dialogue.

Brutus, Faustina.

Brutus. HOw? Is it possible you

Faustina. And is it possible that you did Murder *Julius Cæsar*, who was so mild and moderate an Emperour?

Brut.

Brut. I had a mind to terrifie all Uſurpers, by *Cæſars* Example, whoſe moderation and mildneſs was no ſecurity to him.

Fauſt. And if I did tell you that I had a mind to ſtrike ſuch a terrour into all Husbands, that no Man ſhould dare to think of being one, after the Example of *Marcus-Aurelius*, whoſe goodneſs had been ſo ill requited?

Brut. A fine Deſign! There muſt be Husbands, for who ſhould rule the Women? But *Rome* ſtood in no need to be Governed by *Cæſar*.

Fauſt. Who told you ſo? *Rome* began to be poſſeſſed with as diſorderly Fancies, and as ſtrange Humours, as thoſe which are attributed to the moſt part of Women; ſhe could no longer be without a Maſter, and yet ſhe was not pleaſed with having one. Women are juſt of the ſame Nature. It muſt be granted likewiſe, that Men are

over

over jealous of their Authority. They exerciſe it in Marriage, that is already a main Article; but they would do the like too in Love matters. When they require a Miſtreſs to be faithful to them; by faithful is meant ſubject. The Dominion ought to be equally divided betwixt the Lover and the Miſtreſs; however it always turns on the one ſide, or the other, and ever on the Lovers ſide almoſt.

Brut. You are now ſtrangely bent againſt all Men.

Fauſt. I am a *Roman* Lady, and am clearly for Liberty.

Brut. I aſſure you that upon that account the whole World is full of *Roman* Ladies; but you'l grant that *Roman* Men, ſuch as my ſelf, are a little more rare.

Fauſt. All the better, let them be more rare. I do not believe that an honeſt Man would do what you have done, murther his Benefactour.

Brut.

Faust. Nor do I believe that any honest Women would behave themselves as you did. As for my Wife, you cannot deny but she has been consent enough. There was need of Courage not to be touched with the kindness which *Cæsar* did bear me.

Faust. Do you believe then I stood in less need of Courage to withstand the sweet Disposition and Patience of *Marcus Aurelius?* All my Infidelities were of indifferent concern to him; he would not Honour me so much as to be jealous of me: He wholly deprived me of the pleasure of having it in my Power to deceive him. I was many times so mad at it, that I could willingly have become an honest Woman. Notwithstanding I still kept my self clear of that weakness; and after my death, did not *Marcus Aurelius* do me that injury, as to build me Temples, allot me Priests, institute *Faustinian* Feasts in my Honour?

nour! What! make me a ſolemn conſecration to inſult over me! Set me up for a Goddeſs by way of contempt! Theſe things are not to be forgiven.

Brut. Now I confeſs I do not underſtand Women. Theſe are the oddeſt kind of Complaints I ever heard.

Fauſt. Would not you rather have been obliged to Conſpire againſt *Sylla*, than againſt *Cæſar*? *Sylla*, through his extream cruelty would have ſtirred up your Indignation and Hatred againſt him. I had rather have had a jealous Man to deceive; even *Cæſar* himſelf, for example, whom we ſpeak of. He was poſſeſſed with an intolerable Vanity; nothing would ſatisfie him but the entire Dominion of the World, and he would have his Wife to himſelf too; and becauſe he ſaw that *Clodius* was a partaker with him in the one, and *Pompey* in the other, he could endure neither *Pompey*,

pey, nor *Clodius*. How happy ſhould I have been with *Ceſar*!

Brut. But juſt now you were for the extermination of all Husbands, and at preſent you ſtand up for the worſt of them all.

Fauſt. I wiſh there were none at all, that one might be always free; but if there be a neceſſity there ſhould be ſome, I eſteem the bad ones moſt, to the end a Woman may take her Liberty with more delight.

Brut. My Opinion is, that for Women that are like you, it is beſt there ſhould be Husbands. The ſenſe of Liberty is more lively, the more it is intermixed with Malice.

NEW

NEW DIALOGUES OF SOME ANCIENT DEAD, With some other MODERN DEAD.

First DIALOGUE.

Seneca, Marot.

Seneca. I'M overcome with Joy now you tell me the *Stoicks* are still in being, and that in these later days you owned your self to be of that Sect. *Marot.*

Marot. Without boasting I was a greater *Stoick* than either your self, or *Crisippus*, or *Zeno* our Founder. You might all of you play the Philosophers without any trouble; for your own part you were well stored with Riches: as for the rest, they were not, at least, dispatched away into Banishment, nor clapped up in Prison; but I, I have been forced to undergo both Poverty, Banishment, and Imprisonment, and I have made it appear that all these three troubles do fall upon the Body, without being able to reach the Soul of a Wise Man. Discontent could never work upon me, in the least.

Seneca. I'm glad beyond measure to hear what you say. Your very speech declares you a great *Stoick*. And were not you the wonder of the age you live in?

Marot. I was so indeed. I did not think it enough to bear my miseries with an unusual constancy.

insulted over them with jeers. Constancy would have been honourable enough in another, but I proceeded to mirth.

Seneca. O *Stoick* Wisdom, thou art then no *Chymera*, as People fancy. Thou art in being amongst Men, and here is now a Sage whom thou madest as happy as *Jove* himself. Come away, I must present you to *Zeno*, and our other *Stoicks*, I have a mind they should see the fruit of their most admirable instructions.

Marot. You'l highly oblige me, in making me known to such famous Dead-men.

Seneca. How may I call you?

Marot. Clement Marot.

Seneca. Marot? that Name I know. Have not I heard several Modern Princes that are here, speak of you?

Marot. That may be.

Seneca. Did not you make several small Poems to delight them?

Marot.

Marot. I did.

Seneca. You were no Philosopher then?

Marot. Why not?

Seneca. It does not become a *Stoick* to write joking Stories.

Marot. Oh! Now I see you did not rightly understand the perfections of Joques. Therein lies hidden all Wisdom it self: A Man may pick out something of *Ridicule* out of all things; I could, if I had a mind to it, easily pick some out of your Writings; but all things do not produce seriousness, and take my Writings in what sense you will, I defie you to find any thing of that nature in them. Is not that as much as to say, that your *Ridicule* does rule over all, and that the concerns of the World were not designed to be manag'd in a *serious way*? I'm told here, that your *Virgil*'s divine *Æneid* has been turned into *Burlesque* Verses. I'm glad of it at my heart, there could be no better way found out

out to make it appear, that State and your *Ridicule* are ſuch near Neighbours, that they e'en go hand in hand together. All reſembles thoſe Proſpective Glaſſes, wherein the diſperſed Figures do repreſent you, for example, a *Cæſar*, if you look upon them one way; change the caſt of your *Eye*, *there*, you have a Shab.

Seneca. I pity you, becauſe People did not conceive that your fooliſh Verſes were made on purpoſe to lead Men to ſuch profound reflections. You would have been more reſpected by far, had it been known how great a Philoſopher you were; but it was no eaſie matter to judge you were ſo by the writings you left the publick.

Maro. If I had writ huge Volumes to prove that Impriſonment, want of means, baniſhment, ought not, in the leaſt, to work upon the merry diſpoſition of a Sage, would they not have been thought worthy of a *Stoick?*

Seneca.

Seneca. No doubt of it.

Marot. And I have writ I know not how many Books which prove that in ſpight of Baniſhment, Impriſonment, want of Means, I ſtill retained my merry Diſpoſition, is not that better? Your Treatiſes of Morality are no other than Speculations upon Wiſdom; but my Verſes were a continual practice of it in my ſeveral conditions.

Seneca. I'm ſure that your pretended Wiſdom was not an Effect of your Reaſon, but of your Temper.

Marot. And that is the beſt kind of Wiſdom in the World.

Seneca. That's a good one. Thoſe are pleaſant Wiſe Men, indeed, that are ſo by Temper. If they are not Fools, no God a mercy to them. The happineſs of being Vertuous, may ſometimes ariſe from Nature; but the merit of being ſo can proceed from nothing but Reaſon.

Marot. That ſame thing which you call Merit, is commonly little ſet

set by; for if a Man be indued with Vertue, and discovery made that is not Natural to him, little account is made of it. One would think, though that the great Diligences and Cares taken to purchase it, should procure it more Credit: it's not a straw matter, 'tis a meer effect of Reason, and no Man will trust to it.

Seneca. There is less Reason to trust to the inequality of your Sages temper. Their fits of Wisdom depend upon their blood; one should be acquainted with the interiour Disposition of their Bodies, to know how far their Vertue would extend. Ah! is it not better far to put ones self altogether under the Conduct of Reason, and become so independent of Nature, as not to apprehend the danger of her Surprisals.

Marot. It were the best way, if such a thing were possible, but, as ill-luck will have it, Nature does still maintain her rights, she influ-

enceth the motions in Man without controul, and there's no help for it; they often get the ſtart of Reaſon; and when at laſt, Reaſon does its Duty, ſhe finds all out of order: and 'tis a queſtion too, whether ſhe can ſettle things again. Indeed, I do not wonder that ſo *many* do undervalue Reaſon.

Seneca. 'Tis her right, though alone, to govern Men, and Rule all things in the World.

Marot. She is but in a bad condition to make her Authority known. I have heard ſay, that about an hundred years after your Death, a *Platonick* Philoſopher did beg of the then reigning Emperour, a ſmall ruined Town of *Calabria*, that he might build it up again, eſtabliſh the Laws of *Plato's* Common-wealth in it, and call it *Platonopole*; but the Emperour would not by any means grant the Philoſopher his deſire, and had not ſo much confidence in divine *Plato's* reaſon, as to give him

th

the Government of this petty Town. See by this, how much Reason is cried down. If it did deserve to be esteemed ever so little, who should esteem it but men; however, Men themselves value it not.

Second Dialogue.

Artemisia, Raymond Lullus.

Artemisia. YOU say there is a Secret how to turn all Metals into Gold, and that this Secret is called the Philosophers Stone, or the great Work of all. This is news to me.

R. Lullus. Ay, and I sought it a long time.

Artemisia. Did you find it out?

R. Lullus. No; but every one

thought I did, and does so still. To tell you the truth, this Secret is but a Chymera.

Artimesia. Why did you seek for it then?

R. Lullus. I found my Error, but since I came hither.

Artemisia. There methinks you staid a little too long.

R. Lullus. I see you have a mind to jeer me. We resemble one another, though more than you think.

Artemisia. Who I? I should resemble you? I, who was an example of conjugal Fidelity, drank my Husbands Ashes, and builded him a most stately Monument: how could I resemble a Man that had spent his time in seeking out a Secret, to turn Metals into Gold?

R. Lullus. Yes, yes, I know well enough what I say: after all these fine braggs, you became crack-brained, and you fell in Love with a young Man, that cared not for you. You sacrificed this sumptuous *Piece*

unto

unto him, which might have redounded ſo much to your Glory; and *Mauſolus*'s Aſhes which you drank, were no good Receipt for a new faſhion.

Artimeſia. I did not believe you had been ſo well acquainted with my Affairs. This paſſage of my Life was private enough, and I thought no body had known of it.

R. Lullus. You'l own then that your Fate and mine have been ſomething alike, inſomuch as we have both been honoured beyond our Merit; you, in being thought always faithful to the memory of your Husband, and my ſelf, becauſe 'twas believed, I had found out the Philoſpher's Stone.

Artem. I ſhall own it very freely. The People are deſigned to be the Cully of ſome certain things; and a Body muſt take advantage of their Diſpoſitions.

R. Lullus. But might there not be ſomething, elſe that were common to both?

Artem. Hitherto I am well contented to reſemble you. Come, out with it.

R. Lullus. Did not we both of us ſeek for a thing that is not to be found; you, the Secret how to be faithful to your Husband; and I, that of turning Metals into Gold? I believe there is no difference betwixt Conjugal Fidelity, and the Philoſophers Stone.

Artem. Some People are ſo preoccupated with an ill opinion of married Women, that they will perhaps ſay, that it is not impoſſible for the Philoſophers Stone to have a ſhare in this compariſon.

R. Lullus. Oh! I will warrant it you, as impoſſible as is needful.

Artem. But how chance Men ſeek for it, and how fell it out that you, who ſeem to have been a Man of Senſe, were given to that folly?

R. Lullus.

R. Lullus. It is true, that the Philoſophers Stone is not to be found, but it is fit Men ſhould ſeek for it. In ſeeking for it, there are many rare ſecrets diſcovered, which were not ſought after.

Artem. It were better to ſeek out Secrets, which may be found, and not think of a thing that will never be found.

R. Lullus. All Sciences have their Chymera, they hunt for it, and are not able to lay hold of it; but they pick up by the way other very ſolid Notions. If Chymiſtry has her Philoſophers Stone, Geometry hath its Circular ſquare, Aſtronomy her Longitudes, the Mechanicks their perpetual Motion; 'tis impoſſible to find all this out, but 'tis uſeful to look for it. I ſpeak to you of things which perhaps you underſtand not very well, but you may at leaſt, underſtand that Moral Philoſophy has its Chymera too: and that is, *a waving of ones private Inte-*

rest, true Friendship. Man will never attain to this, but 'tis good to pretend to it; at least in pretending thereto, he will attain many other Virtues.

Artem. Once more, I should be of Opinion, that all Chymeras ought to be laid aside, and that People should be earnest in their pursuit of Realities only.

R. Lullis. Would you believe it? In all things Men must propose to themselves a degree of Perfection, which does not so much as come within their reach. They would never settle to any thing, if they believed they should attain no more, than what they will really attain to; it is necessary they should propose to themselves an imaginary scope of things to egg them on. Whoever should have told me, that Chymistry could not have taught me to make Gold, I would have forbore it. Whoever should have told you, that the extream Fidelity, you so much

much ſtood upon, in reference to your Husband, was not Natural, you would not have taken the trouble upon you to honour *Mauſolus's* Memory with ſo ſumptuous a Tomb. Men would be out of heart, if they were not ſupported by falſe Ideas.

Artem. There is no harm then in Mens being deceived?

Lulus. How, harm! If by miſchance Truth ſhould diſcover her ſelf, all were ſpoiled; but its manifeſt he knows the importance of it, becauſe he keeps her ſelf always hidden?

Third Dialogue.

Apicius, Galileus.

Apicius. AH! how sorry am I, that I was not born in your time?

Galil. Considering your temper, I think you chose a good Age to live in. You were minded to fare deliciously, and you happened to be in the World, and in *Rome* too just at the time when she was Mistress of the whole World; thither came from all parts the choicest sort of Fowles and Fish; to be short, the whole Earth seemed to have been subdued by the *Romans*, to no other end, but to supply them with necessaries for their good cheer.

Apic. But the Age I lived in was an ignorant Age; and had there been any Man like you, I would have

have gone to the Worlds end to ſeek him out. I made nothing of Voyages. Have you heard of that I made for a certain kind of Fiſh I eat at *Minternum* in *Campania*? I was told that this Fiſh was much bigger in *Africa*; I immediately fitted up a Veſſel, and ſailed away to *Africa*. The Voyage was difficult and dangerous. When we drew near to the Coaſt of *Africa*, away come ſeveral Fiſher-Boats to me, (for they had had notice of my coming) and bring me ſome of that kind of Fiſh; they proved to be no bigger than thoſe of *Minternum*; and in that very ſame inſtant of time, without being moved with the curioſity to ſee a Country I had never ſeen, and without any regard to the Intreaties of my Men, who deſired to go and refreſh themſelves one ſhore, I ordered the Pilots to ſail back again for *Italy*. You may believe, I ſhould willingly have undertaken the like trouble upon your account.

Gal.

Gal. I can't imagine what your design could be. I was a poor Learned wretch of a ſpare Dyet, always intent upon the Stars, and very unskilful in *Ragous*.

Apic. But you invented Proſpective Glaſſes; in imitation of you, ſome Body or other made as much for the Ears, as you had made for the Eyes, and my meaning is, that Trumpets were invented, they thicken the voice, and make it double again and again. In fine, you perfected, and you taught others to perfect the Senſes. I ſhould have intreated you to have uſed your endeavours for the ſenſe of Taſting, and fancied ſome Inſtrument that might have added to the pleaſure of Eating.

Gal. Very well; as though Taſting was not indued with its natural perfection.

Apic. Why has Taſte that privilege above Sight?

Gal.

Gal. Sight is likewise very perfect. Men have excellent Eyes.

Apic. And which are then the bad Eyes, that ſtand in need of your Glaſſes?

Gal. Marry, your Philoſophers Eyes. Theſe People, whoſe buſineſs it is, to know whether the Sun be ſtained with Spots, or no; whether the Planets do turn upon their Center, or whether the milky way be made up of little Stars, have not Eyes good enough to diſcover theſe Objects ſo clearly, and ſo diſtinctly as is requiſite; but your other Men, who conſider all theſe things with indifferency, have an admirable Eye-ſight. If you will only enjoy things, nothing is wanting towards your enjoyment of them; but towards our knowing of them, you want every thing. Men in general ſtand in need of nothing, and Philoſophers want all things. Art has no new Inſtruments to beſtow upon the one, and ſhe can never

ſup-

ſupply the others to the full.

Apic. I grant you, that Art does not furniſh the generality of Men with new Inſtruments, whereby to eat more deliciouſly; but I would have her afford *ſome* to your Philoſophers, in the ſame manner as ſhe gives them Glaſſes, that they may ſee better, and then I ſhould think them well rewarded for their labours in Philoſophy; for in ſhort, what good does ſhe do, if ſhe make no diſcoveries, and what need is there of diſcoveries, if they be not upon the ſcore of Pleaſures?

Gal. That matter has been ſifted over and over, and out of date long ago.

Apic. But Reaſon does often purchaſe new advantages, why ſhould the Senſes be debarred of that Priviledge? If they had it, it would prove of far greater conſequence.

Gal. It would leſſen them very much. They are ſo perfect, that they immediately found out all the plea-

pleaſures that could delight them. If Reaſon does find out new notions, ſhe is to be pitied; 'tis becauſe ſhe was naturally imperfect.

Apic. And were thoſe Kings of *Perſia* Fools, that did propoſe ſuch great Rewards thoſe, that could invent new Pleaſures?

Gal. Yes, they were Fools. I am certain they did not undo themſelves in theſe rewards. Invent new Pleaſures! They ſhould firſt have created new wants in Men.

Apic. How? Should each Pleaſure be grounded upon a Want? I ſhould e'ne leave the one for the other. Nature would have given us nothing then out of good will.

Gal. That's no fault of mine. But you, that blame my advice, it concerns you more than another, if it ſhould be true. If there were new pleaſures, how would you ever be contented, ſince you were

were not reserved to live in the later Ages, where you might have made your Advantage of the Discoveries of all former Ages? As for new notions, I know you'l not grudge those that have them.

Apic. I'm of your mind, it suits with my Inclinations more than I believed. I perceive the advantage of Notions is no great matter, since they are left to any that will catch them up; and since that Nature has not troubled her self to make Men of former and future Ages equal upon this account; but Pleasures are of greater value, it would have been a very unjust thing, if one Age had enjoyed more than another, so each Age shared alike.

Fourth Dialogue.

Plato, Margaret of Scotland.

Marg. HElp, help, divine *Plato*, come and take my part, or I am undone.

Plato. What's the matter?

Marg. Here is a diſpute about an hearty kiſs, I gave a Learned Man, but huge ugly. And 'tis in vain for me to ſay the ſame for my juſtification now, as I did then, *That I had a mind to kiſs that mouth, which had uttered ſo many fine words*; here are I know not how many Shadows, that laugh me to ſcorn, and juſtifie it to my face, that ſuch favours are to be beſtowed upon handſome Mouths only, and not upon them that ſpeak well; and that

that Learning ought not to be paid in the ſame Coin as Love is. Come away and teach theſe Shadows, that the Eyes cannot diſcover *that* which is really worthy to ſtir up our paſſions, and that we may be Charmed with Beauty, though wrapped up in a very ugly Body.

Plato. Why would you have me vent theſe Stories? They are not true.

Marg. You have vented them already above a thouſand, and a thouſand times.

Plato. I have ſo, but I was living then. I was a Philoſopher, and I had a mind to ſpeak of Love; it would not have been handſome for one of my calling to ſpeak of it in tearms like the Authors of the *Mileſian* Fables; I hid thoſe matters under a Philoſophical Gibbriſh, becauſe the World ſhould not know what they mean'd.

Marg. I do not believe, you know what you ſay now. It muſt needs be

be that you ſpoke of ſome other Love, beſides ordinary Love, when you deſcribed, with ſo much pomp, thoſe Voyages which the *winged Souls* make in Chariots upon the lowermoſt vault of the Heavens, where they contemplate Beauty in its eſſence, their unhappy falls from thence to the very Earth, through the unruline ſs of one of their Horſes, the beating of their Wings, their abode in Bodies, their behaviour when they meet with an handſome Face, which they own to be a Copy of that Beauty which they beheld in Heaven, the growing again of their Wings which they they endeavour to make uſe of, to fly towards their *Beloved*; in fine, the Fear, Horrour, and Terror which ſeiſeth them, upon the ſight of the Beauty which they know to be Divine, the Holy Fury wherewith they are carried away; as al o their earneſt deſire to offer up Sacrifices to the Object of their

love

love, just as they do to the Gods.

Plato. I assure you, that the meaning of all this (rightly understood, and faithfully expounded) is, that handsome Persons are apt to work strange effects upon frail Nature.

Marg. But you will have it, that People are not touched with the Beauty of the Body, which does only put them in mind of a Beauty infinitely more Charming. How is it possible, that so many lively motions, as are described by you, should arise from nothing but full Eyes, a little Mouth, and a fresh Complexion? Ah! let the Beauty of the Soul be their Object, if you will justifie them, and your self too, for describing them.

Plat. Shall I be plain with you? The Beauty of the Mind stirs up Admiration; the Beauty of the Soul Creates Esteem; and the Beauty of the Body begets Love. Esteem and Admiration are peaceable

and

and quiet enough, Love only is turbulent.

Marg. You are grown a Libertin ſince your Death; for, whilſt you lived, you did not only ſpeak otherwiſe of Love; but you alſo put in practice thoſe ſublime Ideas of yours. Were you not in love with *Arqueanaſſa* the *Colophonite*, when ſhe was Old? Did not you make theſe Verſes of her?

The lovely Arqueanaſſa's *true,*
And has deſcrib'd my Faith in lieu.
You ſay ſhe's wrinkl'd, but whole ſholes
Of Cupids *wanton in thoſe holes.*
You who have felt her Youth, whilſt Harmes,
Like Armies muſter'd in her Charmes,
E're Curſed Age had plow'd thoſe Fallows,
And envious years thoſe little hollows.
What Pleaſure and what Pain 'twas ſure!
Ah what did you not then endure!

'Tis moſt certain, that this Troop of *Amours*, which lay ſporting themſelves in *Arqueanaſſa*'s wrinckles, were

were the pleaſing diſpoſitions, of her Mind, which Age had rendred more perfect. You pittied thoſe that had ſeen her in her Youth, becauſe her Beauty did work too ſenſibly upon them, and you loved her Merit, which Age could not deſtroy.

Plat. You oblige me very much, in that you are pleaſed to make ſo favourable an Interpretation of a ſmall Satyr, which I made upon *Arqueanaſſa*, who thought ſhe could have made me fall in Love with her, though grown in years. My Paſſions were not ſo Metaphyſical, as you fancy, and I can prove it by other Verſes which I made. If I were alive again, I would perform the vain Ceremony, which I make my *Socrates* uſe, when he begins to ſpeak of Love; I would cover my face, and you ſhould not hear me, but through a Vail; but in this place, thoſe Circumſtances are needleſs. Here are my Verſes.

When Agathis *who always us'd me hard,*
Allow'd me once a Kiſs for my reward;
No greedy Falcon with ſuch Joy does tower,
As my fierce Soul up to her Lips did ſoar,
To hunt, to chace, and the ſoft Pleaſure to
(devour.

Marg. Who's this I hear? *Plato.*

Plat. The ſame.

Marg. How, was *Plato* with his broad Shoulders, ſerious Countenance, and his Head brim full of Philoſophy, acquainted with theſe kind of Kiſſes?

Plat. Yes.

Marg. But do you obſerve, that the Kiſs I gave my Doctor, was altogether Philoſophical, and that yours which you gave your Miſtreſs, was in no manner ſuch; I acted your part, and you acted mine.

Plat. Herein I agree with you; Philoſophers are the *Gallants*, whileſt ſuch as were born to be *Gallants*, will needs be Philoſophers. We ſuffer thoſe People to run after the Chymeras

meras of Philoſophy, that underſtand them not, and we weary our ſelves about realities.

Marg. I find I miſſed of my aim, in calling upon *Agathis's* Lover to ſtand up for the defence of my Kiſs. If I had had any kindneſs for this ugly Doctor, I ſhould ſtill have failed of my deſign with you. Nevertheleſs the Mind is able to create Paſſions by it ſelf, and that makes well for Women. They ſecure themſelves that way, if they are not handſome.

Plat. I know not, whether the mind does frame Paſſions; I only know, that it puts the Body in a condition to frame ſome without the aſſiſtance of Beauty, and ſupplies it with the delight which was wanting to it. And for proof of this, the Body muſt make one in the caſe, and muſt always contribute ſomething of its own, that is, ſomething of youth at leaſt; for if it do not help it ſelf at all,

at all, the mind is altogether unuſeful to it.

Mar. Always ſomething of ſubſtance in love concerns!

Pla. 'Tis the nature of it. Let it have, if you will, the mind only for Object, you'll do no good on't, you'll wonder to ſee how it runs upon ſubſtance. You lov'd your Doctors mind only; but why did you kiſs then? It is becauſe the body is deſigned to reap the benefit of thoſe Paſſions, which the mind does ſuggeſt.

Fifth Dialogue.

Strato, Raphael Urbin.

Strato. I Did not expect, that the Counsel, I gave my Slave, would have produced such happy Effects. Yonder above it both saved me my Life, and got me a Kingdom; and here it procures me the admiration of all the Wise.

R. Urbin. And what was this Consel?

Stra. I was of *Tyr.* All the Slaves of this Town revolted, and cut their Masters Throats; but a Slave of mine had so much humanity in him, as to spare my Blood, and secure me from the Fury of the rest. They agreed to chuse him for King, who, upon a certain appointed day, should first of them all discover the rising

riſing of the Sun. They met together in a Field. This multitude of People did fix their Eyes ſteady upon the Eaſtern part of the Sky, where the Sun ſhould riſe; only my Slave, whom I had inſtructed, looked towards the Weſt. I ſuppoſe, you do not queſtion but they thought him a Fool for it. However, whil'ſt he was thus with his back turned towards them, he firſt ſaw the Beams of the Sun, which appeared upon the Top of a very high Tower, and his Companions were ſtill peeping towards the Eaſt for the whole body of the Sun. He was admired for his quick Wit, but he freely confeſſed, he was beholding to me for it, and that I was ſtill living, thereupon I was immediately choſe King, as though I had been ſome Divinity.

H. Orbin. I find your Counſel to your Slave proved very uſeful to you, but I ſee nothing that is admirable in it.

Stra. Ah! All the Philoſophers in theſe parts, will anſwer for me, that I taught my Slave the very thing, that all the Wiſe ſhould practiſe, would they find out the truth? Let them go contrary to the generality of the People, for common Opinions are the Rule of ſound Opinions, provided they be taken in a contrary ſenſe.

R. Urbin. Thoſe kind of Philoſophers, ſpeak like Philoſophers indeed. They make it their buſineſs to ſpeak ill of common Opinions and Prejudications, in the mean time, there's nothing more convenient, nor more uſeful.

Stra. One may judge by what you ſay, that you were no loſer by following them.

R. Urbin. I aſſure you, if I am for Prejudications, 'tis not for Intereſts ſake; on the contrary, whilſt I was in the World, they were a great *Ridicule* to me. They were trying at *Rome* to ſave ſome Statues, that

that were fallen under the Ruins, and I being a good Carver, and a good Painter, I was made choice of, to judge whether they were Pieces of Antiquity or not. *Michael-Angelo*, my Competitor, did privately make a Statue of *Bacchus*, and rarely well he made it. Having finished it, he broke off one of the Fingers, and buried it in a place, where he knew they would dig. They had no sooner found it, but I declared it to be a piece of Antiquity. *Michael Angelo* maintained it was a Modern Piece. I grounded my Judgment chiefly upon the Beauty of the Statue, which, according to the principles of Art, might pass for the Workmanship of some *Greek* Hand; and being strongly opposed, I run this *Bacchus* up to the time, wherein *Polycletes* and *Phidias* did flourish. At last *Michael-Angelo* shews the broken Finger, which was an Argument not to be opposed. I was laughed at for my

preoccupation; but what I could I have done without this preoccupation. I was Judge, and that quality forceth one to a Decision.

Stra. You might have decided the Dispute according to Reason.

R. Urbin. And does Reason decide things? By consulting her, I should never have known whether the Statue had been a piece of Antiquity or not, I should only have known that it was a very fine piece. But Prejudication comes and tells me, that a fine Statue must be a piece of Antiquity: here's a Decision, and I Judge.

Stra. It is very probable, that Reason might not supply Men with undeniable Principles in matters of so little Consequence as this is; but in reference to all that concerns the Conduct of Men, she is sure in her Decisions: the mischief is, they do not consult her.

R. Urbin. Let us consult *her* a little in some point or other, to see how she concludes. Let us *ask her*, whe-

whether we ſhould cry or laugh at the Death of Friends, and Relations. Here ſhe'll tell you, they can do you no farther good, you muſt Weep. Again, they are freed from the miſeries of Life; Rejoyce then. Theſe are the Anſwers of Reaſon; but the cuſtom of our Country tells us, what we muſt do in this caſe. We Weep, if the Cuſtom be ſuch, and that ſo bitterly, that we imagine it to be impoſſible we could laugh, upon that ſcore; or elſe we Laugh, and that ſo heartily, that we think it impoſſible we could weep.

Stra. Reaſon is not always thus irreſolute. When ſhe meets with a thing, that is not worth *her* concern in it, *ſhe* turns it over to Prejudication; but how exact are the Ideas, which *ſhe* frames upon a World of conſiderable things; and the Conſequences *ſhe* draws from them, are no leſs conſiderable.

R. Urbin. I am very much deceived, if theſe *exact Ideas* you ſpeak

of, are so many as you would have them to be.

Stra. 'Tis no matter. They only ought to be believed.

R. Urbin. That can't be.

Stra. Methinks, you make too positive a Conclusion. Why may it not be?

R. Urbin. Because the infallible Maxims, which Reason proposes to us, are too few in number, and our mind is made to believe more. Thus the surplusage of *her* Inclination to believe redounds to the profit of Prejudications.

Stra. And may not a Man suspend his Judgment? Reason is at a stand, when she cann't resolve which way to take.

R. Urbin. You are in the right; Reason has but one Secret to keep her self from going astray, and that is, not to move a step. When *she* finds the way does separate in two, *she* is at a stand; but this is a violent State for the Mind of Man; it is

in

in motion, and must have its full career. 'Tis not every one, that knows how to make doubts, to attain to that, a man had need of a good insight into things, and strength to hold there. Moreover Doubt is void of Action, and Men are for Action.

Stra. Prejudications should not be customary neither, if one man would act like another; but if he will think as a wise man should, he must rid himself of the Prejudications of the Mind.

R. Urbin. It is better to keep them all. I see you do not know the two Answers which the Old *Samnite* made for his Country-Men, when they sent to know of him what they should do after they had shut up the whole Army of the *Romans*, their mortal Enemies, in the Straits of *Candinum*, and had it in their power to do with them, as they pleased. The Old Man made answer, that they should put

all the *Romans* to the Sword. His Counſel ſeemed too hard and too cruel, and the *Sunnites* ſent to him, to let him underſtand the inconveniences of it. The Old Man's anſwer was, that they ſhould ſpare the *Romans* Lives, without making any Articles. Neither of his Counſels was followed, and they ſmarted for it. It is juſt ſo with Prejudications, they muſt either be all preſerved, or all quite laid aſide. Otherwiſe, thoſe, which you have caſt off, make you begin to miſtruſt all your other Opinions. The unhappineſs of being deceived in many things has no amends from the pleaſure of being deceived without knowing it; and you neither enjoy the bright beams of Truth, nor the delights of Error.

Stra. If the Alternative you propoſe, be unavoidable, a man need not ſtand ſtudying which ſide he'll take. Away then with all your Prejudications.

R. Urbin.

R. Urbin. But Reason will drive all former Opinions out of our mind, without supplying it with new ones. Wisdom is a kind of *Vacuum*. And who can maintain that? No, no, with that little Reason men are indued, they must still have their usual allowance of Prejudications. They are the supplies of Reason. What is wanting in the one, is made good in the other.

Sixth Dialogue.

Lucretia, Barbara Plomberg.

Barb. Plomb. SInce you have such difficulty to believe me, I will tell you once again. The Em-

Emperour, *Charles* the Fifth, had an Intrigue with the Princeſs I told you of, and I was made uſe of for a Blind; but the concern went farther; beſides this, the Princeſs deſired me, I would be Mother to a young Prince newly born; to oblige her, I conſented. Now you'll wonder! Have you not heard ſay, that whatever our Merit is, we muſt ſtill be above that Merit, through the little eſteem we ought to make of it; that your Wits, for example, ought in this manner to be above their Talent in that kind? For my part, I was above my Vertue, I had more than I deſired.

Lucretia. That's a good one. You are fooliſh, one cann't have too much.

B. Plomb. Now I am ſerious, whoever would ſend me into the World again, upon condition I ſhould be a right accompliſhed Perſon, I do not think, I ſhould accept of the proffer. I know that in being

ing ſo very perfect, I ſhould be a cauſe of vexation to many perſons, I ſhould be always wiſhing for ſome defect, or ſome weakneſs or other, for the comfort of thoſe, I ſhould live withall.

Lucr. That is to ſay, that for the Womens ſake, who had not ſo much Virtue, you had qualified yours.

B. Plomb. I had qualified the appearance of it, leſt they ſhould look upon me, as to their Accuſer to the publick, if they had thought me more ſevere than themſelves.

Lucr. They were indeed much obliged to you, and more particularly the Princeſs, who was ſo happy as to find out a Mother for her Children. And did ſhe put but one upon you?

B. Plomb. No, but one.

Lucr. I wonder, ſhe did not make farther uſe of the opportunity ſhe had, for you mattered not Reputation.

Now

Now I will ſurpriſe you. Know then, that my indifferency for Reputation was lucky to me. I do not comprehend, what the power of Truth is? but it was found out at laſt, that the Prince, that went for my Son, was none of mine; I have had more Juſtice done me, than I deſired, and it ſeems as if People did deſire to make me ſatisfaction in that manner, becauſe I made no ſhew of my Virtue, and becauſe I had generouſly waved the Eſteem, which was due to me.

Lucr. This is a fine kind of Generoſity; there is no diſpenſing with the Publick upon this account.

B. Plomb. You think ſo! It is very humorous, and ſometimes it ſtrives to fly in the face of ſuch, as would huff it into an eſteem of them. You ſhould know this better, than any one. Some perſons have been ſtrangely ſcandalized at your over-earneſt deſire of Glory; they have

have done what they could to undervalue their death.

Lucr. And what way did they find, to quarrel with so Heroical an Action?

B. Plomb. How do I know? They said, you killed your self somewhat too late; and that your Death had been far more creditable, had you not staid for *Tarquin's* last Attempts; but that in all likelihood you would not kill your self upon slight grounds without knowing wherefore. In short, 'tis evident, People did you Justice with a very ill will, but they took a pleasure to do me right, very heartily, because you were too eager of Glory, whereas I let it come of it self without so much as wishing for it.

Lucr. Say no, that you did your utmost to hinder it.

B. Plomb. But, does modesty go for nothing? I was so much to be willing that my Virtue should be unknown. On the contrary,

you

you exposed yours in great state; nay, you would not kill your self, but in the presence of your whole Family. Is not Virtue contented with it self alone, without desiring Witnesses? Is it not the property of a great Soul, to scorn this Chymera of Glory?

Lucr. Have a care of that. It would be too dangerous a piece of Wisdom. This kind of Chymera is the only powerful thing in the World. It is the Soul of all things, it is preferred before all things, and do but see what a world of People it brings into *Elysium*. Glory brings us more Persons, than a Feaver does; I am of that number, so I may speak by experience.

B. Plomb. You may well be taken for Bubbles then; you, here, that died of that Distemper, for at the very instant, that you come into these lower parts, all the Glory imaginable does you no good.

Lucr.

Lucr. That is a Secret of the place, where we now are. The Living muſt not be made privy to it.

B. Plomb. They are to be very much pitied, that they do not conceive how inſenſible we are. Did they know it, they would not depend upon an Immortality, that concerns them not.

Lucr. What matters it, whil'ſt they are alive, they ſtill enjoy the pleaſure, to believe it does concern them?

B. Plomb. Ay, but this Pleaſure which they enjoy before hand, is all they will ever enjoy; they had better rid themſeles of an Idea that deceives them.

Lucr. Farewell all Heroical Actions.

B. Plomb. Why ſo? The conſideration of doing their Duty, would put men upon them; that is, a far more noble conſideration. It is grounded upon Reaſon only.

B. Plomb. And that is the very thing that makes it too insufficient. Glory is grounded upon nothing but the Imagination, and is far more Powerful. Reason her self would not allow that Men should submit themselves to her Conduct alone. She knows but too well, that she stands in need of the help of the Imagination. When *Curtius* was just going to sacrifice himself for his Country, and was ready to leap, armed as he was on Horseback, into that Gulf which broke out in the middle of *Rome*, if one should have said to him, *You ought in duty to cast your self into this Precipice; but rest assured, that no body will ever speak of your Action:* in earnest, I am much afraid, *Curtius* would have made his Horse go back again. For my part, I cannot say, that I should have killed my self upon a bare Consideration of my Duty. Why, kill my self? I should have believed that my Duty was not

not injured through the Violence that was offered me: at the uttermoſt, I ſhould have thought to have made ſatisfaction with Tears: But to make my Name Famous, I ſtabbed my ſelf.

B, Plomd. Shall I tell you what I think of the Matter? Theſe Actions were as good let alone, as executed out of a Principle as falſe as that of Glory.

Lar. You are a little too quick. All Duties, if rightly conſidered, are fulfilled though not by way of Duty; all thoſe brave Feats which Men ſhould perform, are duly performed: In fine, the Order eſtabliſhed by Nature in the World has its Courſe ſtill: All that is to be ſaid, is, That what Nature could not have obtained from our Reaſon, ſhe hath it of our Folly.

DIALOGUES OF SOME MODERN DEAD.

First DIALOGUE.

Soliman, Julietta of Gonzaga.

Soliman. AH! What's the reason I have not seen you till now? Why did I lose all those Pains I took in my Life-time to seek after you? I had had the Beauty of *Italy* in my *Seraglio*, and now I see a Shadow onely, without Features, and no ways differing from the rest.

Julietta. I cannot express my due Thanks

Thanks to you for the Love you conceiv'd for me upon the Reports of my Beauty. It added much to the Reputation I had of being Beautiful; and I am bound to you for those Moments wherein I took most delight. It will ever be a Pleasure to me to think of that Night, above all other, when the Pyrat *Barbaroſſa*, whom you ordered to take me up, thought to have ſurpriſed me in *Cajetto*, and forced me out of Town all in diſorder.

Soliman. What moved you to fly, if you were glad that I ſent to ſeek you?

Julietta. I was pleaſed that I was ſought for; and I was yet better pleaſed they could not lay hold on me. Nothing was ſo pleaſing to my Thoughts, as that I was wanting to *Soliman's* Happineſs, and that I was eſteemed worth ſpeaking of in the *Seraglio*, a Place ſo repleniſhed with Beauties: but I wiſhed for no more. The *Seraglio* is pleaſant to none but

ſuch

such as are wished for there, and not for them that are shut up in it.

Sol. I see now what you were afraid of; so many Rivals would not have suited with your Humour. You were apprehensive too, perhaps, that among so many Lovely Women, most of them might serve onely for an Ornament to the *Seraglio*.

Jul. You charge me here with very pretty Thoughts.

Sol. What was there then in the *Seraglio* that was so dreadful?

Jul. There I should have been strangely offended at the Vanity of you *Sultans*, who, out of ostentation of your Grandeur, do shut up therein I know not how many fine Creatures, whereof the greatest part are of no use to you, and yet are lost to the rest of the World. You force them into a Fidelity to you, which does you no good; and Fidelity, even that which might be voluntary, seems contrary to Nature. She did not intend that the Proceedings of

Women

Women ſhould be carried on in a ſtreight and even manner, for the ſame reaſon that ſhe did not intend the Courſe of Rivers ſhould be ſtreight.

Sol. And why is not the Courſe of Rivers ſtreight?

Jul. Becauſe if they were, but few would be the better for them. Judge you by this, how much Injuſtice you commit in the *Seraglio*, out of a fooliſh vanity of not being betrayed, love or love not. Moreover, who could bear the intolerable Pride of a *Sultan*, whoſe ſole Declarations of Love are indiſpenſible Commands, and who makes his abſolute Authority paſs for languiſhing Complaints? No, I was no ways fit for the *Seraglio*: You needed not to have commanded a Search for me, I ſhould never have made you happy.

Sol. How can you be ſo ſure of that?

Jul. Becauſe I know you could not have made me happy. *Sol.*

Sol. I do not very well understand the Consequence. Is it any matter whether I had made you happy or not?

Jul. How? You fancy one may be made happy in Love, by a Person that does not partake of that Happiness; that there are solitary Pleasures, as I may call them, and such as need not be communicative; and that one may enjoy them, when one does not bestow them? Oh! these Opinions cause Horrour in well-disposed Hearts.

Sol. I am a *Turk*; therefore I may be excused if I am not so tender-hearted as I should be. However, methinks I am not so much in the wrong. Did not you just now highly blame Vanity?

Jul. Yes.

Sol. And is not this Desire to render others happy, a Motion of Vanity? Is it not an intolerable Pride in you to refuse to make me happy, unless I will make you happy too?

A *Sultan* is more modeſt; he receives Pleaſure from many very lovely Women, without concerning himſelf to afford them any. Don't laugh at this manner of Argument, it has more ſolidity in it than you are aware of. Think of it, conſult the Heart of Mankind, and you'll find that this Tenderneſs which you value ſo much, is but a kind of a proud requital. Men will be clear of all Ties of Obligations, they will owe nothing.

Jul. Well then, I grant you, that Vanity is neceſſary.

Sol. Juſt now you condemned it highly.

Jul. That which I ſpoke of, I did condemn; but I like this very well. Have you any difficulty to conceive that the good Qualities of Man do hang by others that are bad, and that it would be dangerous to cure him of his Failings?

Sol. But one does not know what to fix upon. What muſt we think of Vanity?

Jul. In one certain degree, 'tis a Vice; a little more on this ſide, 'tis a Vertue.

Second Dialogue.

Paracelſus, Moliere.

Moliere. IF it were but for your Name ſake alone, I ſhould be in love with you. *Paracelſus*! A Man would take you to be either a *Greek* or a *Latin*, and he would never bethink himſelf that *Paracelſus* was a Philoſopher of *Swizerland*.

Paracelſus I have rendred that Name as famous, as 'tis graceful. My Writings are a great Help to all that are deſirous to dive into the Secrets of Nature, and moſt eſpecially to thoſe that aim at the Knowledge of *Genius*'s, and thoſe other Elementary Inhabitants.

Mol. I

Mol. I eaſily conceive that thoſe are the true Sciences. To know thoſe Men one ſees every day, is nothing; every Body can do as much: But to know the *Genius's*, which one does not ſee, is clear another thing.

Par. Doubtleſs it is. I have ſet forth in an exact manner their Nature, their Employments, their Inclinations, their different Degrees, as alſo what their Power is in the World.

Mol. How happy were you in having all theſe Inſights! For it ſtands to reaſon, that you perfectly underſtood Man, and yet a great many could not ſo much as attain to that.

Par. Oh! Every petty Philoſopher did attain to it.

Mol. I believe as much. You met with no farther Difficulty, than in what concerned the Nature of Mans Soul, her Functions, her Union with the Body?

Par. To be free with you, It is impoſſible but there muſt always be ſome Difficulties remaining about theſe Matters; but, in ſhort, a Man knows as much of them as is poſſible to be learn'd of Philoſophy.

Mol. And you know no more?

Par. No: Is not that enough too?

Mol. Enough? 'Tis juſt nothing at all: And you hopp'd thus over Men, whom you knew not, to get to the *Genius* of them.

Par. Your *Genius* hath ſomething extraordinary in it, that does egg on Natural Curioſity.

Mol. It has ſo; but we ought not to mind them, till firſt we are aſſured, that Man has nothing farther in him that is worth our ſtudying. It ſeems as if the Wit of Man had drained every thing, conſidering how it frames to it ſelf Objects of Sciences, that perhaps have nothing of Reality in them, and wherewith it does intangle it ſelf by way of ſport: Yet it is aſſured, there are

real

real Objects enough to entertain it.

Par. The Mind does naturally wave the plainer ſort of Sciences, and hunts after thoſe that are obſcure and Myſterious. Theſe onely are able to make Work for its Activity.

Mol. The Mind has the worſt of that; what you ſay, redounds to its Infamy. Truth offers her ſelf to it; but becauſe ſhe is plain, it diſowns her, and entertains ridiculous Myſteries in her room, meerly becauſe they are Myſteries. I am apt to believe, that if moſt People did ſee the Order of the World ſo as in effect it is, by neglecting to take notice either of Vertues of Numbers, Properties of Planets, or of the Fatalities attending ſome certain Seaſons or Revolutions, they could not forbear ſaying, *What, is this all?*

Par. You turn into *Ridicule* theſe Myſteries, which you could not dive into, and which indeed are reſerved for none but Men of great Parts.

Mol. I prefer thoſe that do not underſtand theſe Myſteries, far before thoſe that do underſtand them; but by misfortune, Nature has not made every one incapable of underſtanding them.

Par. But you, that take upon you to decide things with ſuch Authority, what Trade did you follow when you were living?

Mol. A Trade very different from yours. You ſtudied the Vertues of Mans *Genius*, and I ſtudied the Follies of Men.

Par. A fine Study indeed. Is it not well enough known, that Men are ſubject to commit but too many Follies?

Mol. We know it in groſs, and confuſedly; but we muſt come to Particulars, and then we are ſurpriſed at the extent of this Science.

Par. And in concluſion, what uſe did you make of it?

Mol. I gather'd together, in a certain Place, as many People as I could;

could; and there I let them ſee they were all Fools.

Par. Your Arguments were terrible, ſure, ſince you could perſuade them to ſuch a Truth.

Mol. Not at all.: Nothing ſo eaſie. There needs no ſuch great Eloquence, nor premeditated Arguments, to prove their Follies. What they do, is ſo ridiculous, that 'tis but doing the ſame thing over again before them, and you'll preſently ſee them burſt out into Laughter.

Par. I know your meaning, you were a Stage-player. For my part, I can't imagine what pleaſure there is in Plays. People go thither to laugh at the Humours and Manners which they repreſent; but why don't thy laugh at the Manners themſelves?

Mol. To laugh at the Paſſages in the World, a Man muſt, as it were, be out of it; and Plays do withdraw you from it. They expoſe *all* to your ſight, juſt as if you were no Party concerned.

Par. But a Man is not long before he unites himſelf again to this *all*, which he laughed at, and he begins to make a part of it again.

Mol. You need not doubt it. Whilſt I was diverting my ſelf the other day, I made here a little Tale upon that Subject. A young Gooſe did fly with that uncomelineſs as is uſual to the Kind; and during this Flight, of a moments laſting, which raiſed it about a Foot high from the Ground, it inſulted over the reſt of the Back-yard Inhabitants. *Ah! you wretched Creatures*, ſays it, *that I ſee underneath me, and that know not how to make your way through the Air!* But at the ſame time the Gooſe fell down again.

Par. What is the Benefit then of thoſe Reflexions which your Plays ſtir up in Man, ſince they are like the Flight of this Gooſe, and ſince at the very ſame moment he falls again into all common Follies?

Mol. 'Tis a great matter, that a Man

Man mock'd himſelf. Nature has made us very apt to it, that ſo we might not become our own Bubble. How often does it happen, that whilſt one Part of us is doing any thing with eagerneſs, another Part laughs at the former; and, if need were too, a third Part might be found out that would laugh at both the two firſt. Does not Man ſeem to be a Compound of Contraries?

Par. All this will not much trouble a Mans Brain. Some ſlight Reflections, ſome merry Conceits, that are many times ill applied, ſuch as theſe indeed deſerve no greateſteem; but how muſt a Man ſtrain his Thoughts to treat of higher Subjects?

Mol. You come back again to your *Genius's*, and I keep to my Sots. However, though I have done nothing but labour in theſe Matters, ſo expoſed to the Eyes of the whole World, I can foretel you, that my Plays will laſt longer than your

ſublime Writings. All is ſubject to the Changes of the Mode; the Productions of the Mind are not ſecure from the Fate of Clothes. I have ſeen I know not how many Books, and ſeveral ſorts of Writing, buried with their Authors; like as, in ſome Parts of the World, they bury with the deceaſed every thing they moſt delighted in whilſt they lived. I perfectly know what may be the Revolutions of the *Empire of Learning*; and beſides all this, I dare warrant the continuance of my *Pieces*. I can tell you the Reaſon of it. He that will paint to laſt for ever, muſt paint Sots.

Third

Third Dialogue.

Mary Stuart, David Riccio.

D. Riccio. NO, I ſhall never be ſatisfied with my Death.

M. Stuart. Me thinks, though, it was good enough for a Muſician. The chiefeſt Lords of the Court of *Scotland*, and the King my Husband too, were fain to plot againſt thee; and never ſuch Meaſures were taken, nor ſo much ado made to put any Prince to death.

D. Ric. A Death ſo glorious as that, was not intended for a poor Player on the Lute, whom Poverty had driven out of *Italy* into *Scotland*. You had better have let me paſs away my Days in quiet, as one of your Muſicians, than raiſe me to the Dignity of a Miniſter of State, which

which doubtleſs did ſhorten my Life.

M. Stu. I ſhould have never believed that thou wouldeſt prove to be ſo little ſenſible of my Favours towards thee. Thou alone didſt ſit every day at my Table with me; was that but a ſmall diſtinction? Believe me, *Riccio*, a Favour of that kind was no prejudice to thy Reputation.

D. Ric. It did me no other harm, but that I was to die for receiving it too frequently. Alas! I ſate Cheek-by-Joul with you at Dinner, when I ſaw the King come in, attended by the Gentleman that was choſen out to be one of my Murderers, becauſe he was naturally the frightfulleſt *Scot* that ever was born; beſides, he had been newly cured of a Quartan-Ague, which made him look more frightfully. I can't tell whether he beſtowed any Blows upon me; but as much as I can remember, the very fright he put me in, ſtruck me dead. *M. Stu.*

M. Stu. I honour'd thy Memory ſo far, as to make thee be entombed with the Kings of *Scotland.*

D. Ric. I am entombed with the Kings of *Scotland?*

M. Stu. Nothing more true.

D. Ric. I have been ſo little ſenſible of the good that did me, that you now tell me the firſt News of it. But, O my Lute, was I ſo unlucky as to forſake thee, and mind nothing but how to govern a Kingdom!

M. Stu. Thou complaineſt! Know then, that my Death was a thouſand times more unfortunate than thine.

D. Ric. Oh! but you were born in a Condition that was ſubject to great Turns and Changes; but for me, I was born to die in my Bed. Nature had ſettled me in the beſt Condition in the World; no Eſtate, of mean Extraction, ſomething onely of a Voice, and a little Wit to play on the Lute.

M. Stu. Thy Lute does ſtill ſtick

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in thy Stomach. Well then, thou didſt meet with one unlucky Moment; but before that, how many pleaſant Days didſt thou enjoy? What wouldſt thou have done, if thou hadſt never been other than a Muſician? Thou wouldſt have been weary of ſo low a Condition.

D. Ric. I would have ſought my Happineſs in my own ſelf.

M. Stu. Go, thou art fooliſh. Thou haſt ſpoiled thy ſelf ſince thou haſt been dead, either by thy idle Reflections, or by the Converſation thou haſt had with the Philoſophers that are here. 'Tis a likely matter, indeed, that Men ſhould be happy in their own ſelves.

D. Ric. They want onely to be perſuaded, they may be ſo. A Poet of my Country did deſcribe an Enchanted Caſtle, wherein Lovers of both Sexes do ſeek for one another with great concern and eagerneſs; they meet together at every turn, and never know one another.

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There is a Charm of the ſame nature upon the Happineſs of Men: They have it in their Thoughts, and do not know it, it offers it ſelf a thouſand times to them, and they wander afar off to ſeek it out.

M. Stu. Lay aſide the Jangling and Chymeras of Philoſophy. When there is nothing to help to make us happy, are we of a diſpoſition to take the pains to be ſo by our Reaſon?

D. Ric. Yet Happineſs does very well deſerve as much as that from us.

M. Stu. We ſhould labour in vain, our Reaſon and *It* can't agree together. We ceaſe to be happy, ſo ſoon as we feel the Striſes we are put to, to be happy. If any one did feel how each Part of his Body does labour to keep it ſelf in good temper, do you think he would be well in health? For my part, I ſhould take him to be ſick. Happineſs reſembles Mans Health; he muſt have it

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in him, without his own putting in; and if Reason does contribute any Happiness to him, it is like Health that is maintained by force of Remedies, and is always very weakly and uncertain.

Fourth Dialogue.

The Third False Demetrius, Descartes.

Descartes. SUre I should know the Northern Countries almost as well as you. I passed a good part of my time in *Holland*, where I did nothing but play the Philosopher; and at last I went and died in *Suede*, still a greater Philosopher than ever.

Demetrius. I see, that according to the Relation you make me of your Life, it has been very easie; it

was wholly applied to Philoſophy. I was far from living ſo quietly.

Deſc. 'Twas your own fault. How come you to think of making your ſelf Great Duke of *Muſcovy*, and of taking thoſe ways to compaſs your Deſign, as you did? You undertake to paſs for Prince *Demetrius*, who has Right to the Crown; and you have already before your Eyes the Example of two Falſe *Demetrius's*, who having taken that Name upon them one after the other, were found out what they were, and periſhed moſt miſerably. You ought at leaſt to have bethought your ſelf of ſome newer Cheat: It is not likely, that that, which had been already worn out of date, ſhould take effect.

Dem. Betwixt you and I, the *Muſcovites* are no ſuch *Wits*: They are ſo weak, as to pretend to be like the ancient *Greeks*; but God knows what Ground they have for it.

Deſc. Yet they are not ſuch Sots, as to let themſelves be bubbled by three

three False *Demetrius*'s one after another. I am sure, that when you began to take that Quality upon you, they almost all said, in a scornful manner, *What, still more* Demetrius's?

Dem. Notwithstanding all this, I made my self a considerable Party. The Name of *Demetrius* was beloved, People always ran after the Name. You know what the People are.

Desc. And did not the ill Success of the other two *Demetrius*'s make you afraid?

Dem. It encouraged me. Who could believe, that any but the true *Demetrius* would have dared to appear, after what had hapned to the other two? It was a Presumption too, had he been never so much the True *Demetrius*.

Desc. But suppose you had been the first that had taken that Name upon you, with what Face could you take it, unless you had been assured

ſured that you could make it good by ſome colourable Proofs?

Dem. But you, that put ſo many Queſtions to me, and are ſo hard to pleaſe, how did you dare to make your ſelf the Author of a New Philoſophy, which was to contain all the Truths that were unknown till then?

Deſc. I had made diſcovery of many things that were probable enough, and I ſooth'd my ſelf up with a fancy they might be true; they were, beſides, ſo new, that they might eaſily make up a Sect by it ſelf.

Dem. And did not the Example of ſo many Philoſophers (whoſe Opinions ſeem'd as ſolid as yours, yet were reckoned at laſt but ſorry Philoſophers) ſtartle you? A Man might name you a vaſt number of ſuch; but you can tell me but of two Falſe *Demetrius's* beſides my ſelf. I was but the third of my kind, that had undertaken to gull the *Muſcovites*;

vites; but a thousand more, besides your self, did make it their study how to impose upon Men.

Desc. You knew you was not Prince *Demetrius*; but I never published any thing but what I believed was true, and I did not believe it without good Grounds. I was not cured of Philosophy till I came hither.

Dem. 'Tis no matter. Notwithstanding your good Belief, you must needs be very bold, to affirm so confidently, That you had found out the Truth. People have been deceived already by so many others that did aver the same, that when any new Philosophers do offer themselves, I wonder they do not all cry out in one Voice, *What, still more and more Philosophers and Philosophy!*

Desc. There is some Reason for People to be always cheated with the Promises of Philosophers; there is a discovery made from time to time of some small inconsidera-

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ble Truths, that amuſe the World a little; but, I confeſs, there is little Progreſs made into the depth of Philoſophy. I believe alſo, that in ſome conſiderable *Points* the Truth is now and then found out; but the miſchief is, Men do not know they have found it: For Philoſophy (I think a dead Man may ſay what he liſt) is like a Play which Children uſe, where one amongſt them runs blindfold after the reſt: If he catches any of them, he is obliged to name him, elſe he muſt let him go, and then run again. Not but that we Philoſophers, though our Eyes be very cloſe hid, do ſometimes lay hold of the Truth: But what? we cannot juſtifie it to *her* that 'tis *ſhe* we have laid hold of, then at that very inſtant *ſhe* gives us the ſlip.

Dem. It is but too apparent, that Truth is not made for us: So, at laſt you'll ſee, there will be no ſeeking after her, Men will be out of heart, and be at eaſe.

Deſc. I

Deſt. I aſſure you, your Prediction is not right. Men are huge eager of thoſe things which they once take a fancy to. Each one believes, that which is denied all others, is reſerved for him alone. Within theſe four and twenty thouſand Years, there will come Philoſophers, that ſhall make it their Braggs, That they will root out all thoſe Errours that were in being for the ſpace of thirty thouſand years; and there will be *thoſe* that will believe, that then will be the time indeed that Men ſhall begin to open their Eyes, and ſee clear.

Dem. What? 'twas a great Venture to try to deceive the *Muſcovites* a third time; and it ſhall be no Venture at all, for a Man to endeavour to deceive all Mankind for the thirtieth thouſand time? They are then greater Bubbles than the *Muſcovites?*

Deſc. Yes, in point of Truth. They are more in love with *it*, than the

the *Muſcovites* were with the Name of *Demetrius*.

Dem. If I were to begin again, I would not be a Falſe *Demetrius*, I would become a Philoſopher: But how if People ſhould chance to fall into a diſlike of Philoſophy, and deſpair of ever finding out the Truth? I ſhould ſtill fear this.

Deſc. You had far greater reaſon to be in fear when you were Prince. Believe it, Men will never be diſcouraged. It would be great pity they could fall into ſuch Deſpair. Since your Modern People make as little diſcovery of the Truth as your Ancient did, it is but juſt, they ſhould at leaſt have as great hopes of diſcovering it. This Hope is pleaſing, though it be but a vain one. If Truth be no Right of th' one, nor of th' other, at leaſt, they Both have a Right to Errour.

Fifth Dialogue.

The Dutcheſs of Valentinia, Anne of Bullen.

Anne of Bullen. I Admire your good luck. *S. Valier* your Father commits a Crime, as it were on purpoſe to raiſe your Fortune. He is condemned to loſe his Head, you go and beg his Pardon of the King. To be pretty, and beg Favours of a young Prince, does engage a Perſon to grant ſome: And thus you became Miſtreſs to *Francis* the Firſt.

Dutcheſs. My greateſt happineſs in this, is, that my Love to my Father did bring me into this *Gallantry*. My Inclinations might eaſily lie hid under ſo favourable a Pretence.

A. of B. But the Iſſue of your Inclinations did quickly diſcover whither they tended; for your *Gallantries*

tries out-lasted your Fathers Danger.

Dutch. That's nothing. In Love-concerns, the Beginning is all in all. The whole World knows, that he that makes one Step forward, will make many more. The main Point is to begin this first Step well. I fancy my Conduct was pretty suitable to the Opportunity Fortune did offer me, and that History will not record me for an half-witted *Creature.* 'Tis look'd upon as a great matter, that the Lord High Constable *Montmorency* should be a Minister of State, and a Favourite, to three Kings: But I was Mistress to two Kings; and I reckon that a greater matter.

A. of B. Far be it from me to question your able *Parts*; but I think I out-did you. You held out as a Mistress a long time; but I made my self a Wife. A King follows you close, so long as his Heart inclines towards you; that's no

trouble to him: If he makes you Queen, 'tis but when he is out of hopes of satisfying his Passion otherwise.

Dutch. But a Lovers Passion must be nourished still, and entertain'd; and a Mariage once made up, puts us off of all farther Concern. Love is easily exasperated, when one ceases to comply with it; and 'tis a very hard matter to quench it, when one yields to it. In fine, It was your part to refuse still with your wonted severity; and I was forced to be still yielding, and study new ways to please.

A. of B. Since you follow me thus close with your Reasons and Arguments, I must tell you farther, That if I made my self a Wife, 'twas not because I was over-loaded with Virtue.

Dutch. And if I purchas'd my self a constant Love, 'twas not because I was so very faithful.

A. of B. I will tell you yet more;

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I had neither Vertue, nor Reputation of Vertue.

Dutch. I thought as much before; for I ſhould have taken Reputation for Vertue it ſelf.

A. of B. Me thinks you ſhould not reckon up, in the number of your Advantages, ſome Infidelities you committed againſt your Lover, and which, in all likelihood, were very private: They cannot add to your Glory. But when I began to be beloved of the King of *England*, the People who had been made acquainted with my Adventures, did not keep them ſecret, and yet I got the better of Reputation.

Dutch. I could perhaps make it appear to you, if I would my ſelf, that I was unfaithful to *Henry* the Second, though not with ſo much myſtery as to redound to my Honour; but I will not inſiſt upon this Point. The want of Fidelity may either be hid, or the Breach made up again; but how is it poſſible to

hide or repair the want of Youth? However, I overcame it. I was full of Tongue, and I made my ſelf be adored; that's nothing; but I was grown in Years. You, you were young, and ſuffered your Head to be cut off. Though I was a Grandmother, I ſhould not have ſuffered my Head to be cut off.

A. of B. I confeſs, that is the only Blemiſh of my Life; let us ſay no more of it. I cannot yield to you about your Age neither, which you make ſuch a Buſineſs of, that was not ſo hard to diſguiſe as my Courſe of Life was. I muſt needs diſturb the Brains of him that reſolved to make me his Wife; but it was enough for you, that you had prepoſſeſſed the Eyes of him that ſtill thought you handſom, and accuſtomed them by Degrees to the Alterations of your Beauty.

Dutch. You are not well verſed in the Humours of Men. When a Woman appears lovely to their Eye,

Eye, ſhe ſeems to their Mind what ſhe pleaſes her ſelf; Vertuous, if you will, though ſhe be nothing leſs: The onely difficulty is to appear lovely to them ſo long as ſhe would her ſelf.

A. of B. I yield, you have convinced me; but tell me your Secret, how you did repair your Age. I am dead, and you may teach it me, without any fear that I ſhall make an Advantage of it.

Dutch. In earneſt, I do not know my ſelf. We do all great things, without knowing how we do them, and we are ſurpriſed when we have done them. Ask *Cæſar* how he made himſelf Maſter of the World, he may perhaps be put to it how to anſwer you.

A. of B. A glorious Compariſon!

Dutch. It is a juſt one. I ſtood in need of *Cæſar's* good Fortune, to be beloved at my Years. The greateſt Happineſs is this, that to Perſons who have perform'd ſuch great

things as he and I have, (the Feat once done) People do not fail to attribute infallible Designs and Secrets to them, and honour them far beyond what they deserve.

Sixth Dialogue.

Ferdinando Cortez, Montezuma.

F. Cortez. OWn the Truth. You were very dull People, you *Americans*, when you took the *Spaniards* for Men that came down from the Fiery Sphere, because they had Cannons; and when their Ships seem'd to you to be great Birds that flew upon the Sea.

Montezuma. I own it. But I must ask you, Whether the *Athenians* were a fine accomplished People, or not?

F. Cort.

Fr. Cort. How? They inſtructed the reſt of the World.

Montez. And what think you of the Means which *Piſiſtratus* the Tyrant made uſe of to get into the Citadel of *Athens* again, out of which he had been beaten? Did not he dreſs up a Woman like *Minerva*? (For 'tis ſaid, that *Minerva* was the Goddeſs Protectreſs of *Athens.*) Did not he ride up and down the Town in a Chariot, with this Goddeſs of his own making, ſhe holding of him by the Hand, and ſaying to the *Athenians, Here I bring you* Piſiſtratus, *and I command you to receive him*? And did not theſe People, which paſs for ſuch Wits, ſubmit themſelves to the Tyrant, becauſe they would pleaſe *Minerva,* who had declared her Mind to them with her own Mouth?

E. Cort. And who made you ſo well acquainted with the *Athenians* Concerns?

Montez. Since my abode here; I

betook my ſelf to the Study of Hiſtory, by the Converſation I have had with ſeveral of the Dead. But you will, in fine, grant, that the *Athenians* were greater Bubbles than we. We had never ſeen Ships, nor Guns; but they had ſeen Women: and when *Piſiſtratus* undertook to ſubdue them by the means of his Goddeſs, he made it appear, he valued them leſs than you valued us, when you ſubdued us with your great Guns.

F. Cort. There are no People but may be overſeen once in their Life-time. Men are ſurpriſed; the Multitude overſways the more underſtanding ſort. What ſhall I ſay to you? There are beſides other Circumſtances which a Man can't think of, and which perhaps he would not take notice of, though he ſhould diſcover them.

Montez. But was it by ſurpriſal that the *Greeks* did believe in all times, that the knowledge of future things

things was kept in a little Hole under Ground, from whence it diſperſed it ſelf into Exhalations? And what tricks did they uſe to perſuade them, that when the Moon was eclips'd, they could bring her to her ſelf again by making an hideous Noiſe: And how chance a few Perſons only did dare to whiſper it into one anothers Ear, that ſhe was darkned by th'interpoſition of the Earth? I ſhall take no notice of the *Romans*, nor of thoſe Gods they invited to eat with them upon their Days of Rejoycing, nor of thoſe Holy Chickens whoſe Appetite did determine all in the Head-City of the World. In ſhort, tell me of any one Folly committed by our *Americans*, and I will preſently match it with a far greater one of your Country-men; and I will be bound to reckon you none but *Greek* and *Roman* Follies.

F. Cort. Notwithſtanding theſe Follies, the *Greeks* and the *Romans*

were the Inventors of thoſe Arts and Sciences which you did not ſo much as dream of.

Montez. We were very happy in our not knowing that there were any Sciences in the World: We ſhould not perhaps have had ſo much Reaſon, as to have avoided being Learned. People are not always in a capacity to follow the Example of the *Greeks*, who took ſuch care to preſerve themſelves from th' infection of their Neighbour's Sciences. As for Arts, *America* had found out ſuch ways to live without them, as were perhaps more wonderful than the Arts of *Europe* themſelves. When one can write, 'tis an eaſie matter to make Hiſtories; but we knew not how to write, and yet we made Hiſtories. It is eaſie, for ſuch as can build in Water, to make Bridges; but the difficulty is, to build Bridges, and not know how to build in Water. You muſt remember, that in our Grounds the *Spaniards* met with

with a great many things that ſurpaſſed their Underſtanding: I mean, for Example, Stones of ſuch a prodigious bigneſs, that they did not conceive how they were rais'd up to that height as they were, without the help of Engins for the purpoſe. What think you of all this? Me thinks that hitherto you have not made it very well appear what the Advantages of *Europe* are over *America*.

F. Cort. They are ſufficiently proved by all that may diſtinguiſh Civilized People from Barbarous People. Civility reigns amongſt us; there is no room for Force and Violence; Power is moderated by Juſtice, Wars are grounded upon lawful Cauſes. See beſides how very ſcrupulous we were; we did not make War upon your Country, till we had ſtrictly examined whether we had any Right to it, and decided the Queſtion in our own behalf.

Montez. Doubtleſs you did there-

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in treat Barbarians with more conſideration than they deſerved. I believe your Civility and Juſtice to one another, is anſwerable to your ſcrupuloſity with us. Take away from *Europe* her Formalities, ſhe will differ little from *America*. Civility meaſures all your Steps, dictates all your Words, embroils all your Diſcourſes, and plagues all your Actions; but no news of her in your Principles; and all that Juſtice which ſhould attend your Deſigns, is no where met with but in your Pretences.

F. Cort. I cannot anſwer for Mens Hearts; we onely ſee their Outſide. An Heir that loſes a Father, and gets ſtore of *Means*, puts on Mourning Clothes: Does he grieve much? In all appearance, he does not. Yet if he did not put himſelf into Mourning, he would injure Reaſon.

Mont. I underſtand your meaning. Reaſon does not rule among you, but

but ſhe makes a Proteſtation, That things ſhould be carried on in another manner than they are; That Heirs, for example, ſhould lament their Parents: They admit this Proteſtation; and for better proof thereof, they clothe themſelves in Black. Your Formalities ſerve onely to ſhew a Right which Reaſon has, and which you will not let her execute; and you do not do, but you repreſent what you ſhould do.

F. Cort. And is not that very much? Reaſon bears ſo little ſway among you, that ſhe cannot ſo much as come to give you the leaſt hint of what you ſhould do.

Montez. But you think of her to as little purpoſe, as ſome of your *Greeks* did think of their firſt beginning. They were ſetled in *Tuſcany*, a Barbarous Country as they thought; and they had by little and little ſo accuſtomed themſelves to the ways of that Country, that they had

had forgotten their own ways: Yet they ſeem'd concerned at their being grown Barbarous, and they met together every year, upon a certain prefix'd day; they read over their ancient Laws in *Greek*, which they had laid aſide, and ſcarce ſo much as underſtood them; they wept, and then ſeparated: They no ſooner came out of that Place, but they merrily betook themſelves to the manner of Living of the Country. They ſtood upon the *Greek* Laws, as you do upon Reaſon: They knew there were ſuch Laws in the World, they ſpoke of them, yet ſlightly, and without any benefit. Notwithſtanding, they did in ſome manner grieve for them; but you are not concerned that you have forſaken Reaſon; you have taken an habit to know her, and deſpiſe her.

F. Cort. By this means a Man may, at leaſt, be more enabled to follow her, than better'd in the knowledge of her.

Montez.

Montez. And herein onely we yield to you? Ah! How unhappy were we, that we had not Ships to go and diſcover your Countries? And why did not we bethink our ſelves of determining the Caſe, and declare, That they belonged to us? We ſhould have had as much Right to conquer Them, as you had to conquer Ours.

FINIS.

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16 Disorders

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4 All mistaken, or the Mad Couple.
5 Generous Enemies, or the Ridiculous Lovers.

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8 *Nero*, a Tragedy.
9 *Sophonisba*, or *Hannibal's* Overthrow.
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13 *Oedipus* King of *Thebes*.
14 *Cæsar Borgia*.
15 *Theodosius*, or the Force of Love.
16 Madam *Fickle*, or the Witty False One.
17 The Fond Husband, or the Plotting Sisters.
18 Esquire *Old-Sap*, or the Night-Adventures.
19 Fool turn'd Critick.
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33 *Tamerlain* the Great.
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48 King and no King.
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50 Maids Tragedy.
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52 Strange Diſcovery.
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58 *Valentinian.* 6 AU 55
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61 Woman Rules.
62 Reformation.
63 *Hero* and *Leander.*
64 Love Tricks.
65 *Julius Cæſar.*
66 Fatal Jealouſie.
67 Monſieur *Ragou.*